

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

Mazeppa, a Poem. By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 69. London, 1819.

THE poetry of Lord Byron is too well known, and has been too often criticised, to render many remarks necessary. An intimate acquaintance with the human heart and character; a power of description, at once forcible and eloquent, but too deeply tinged with melancholy; a felicitous manner of depicting the worse passions of human nature, and displaying, in the whole, an inexhaustible store of mental reflection, are the peculiar features of Lord Byron's muse; and, prolific as his pen has been, these are the characteristics of the whole of his poems. The story of *Mazeppa* is one well suited to the talents of his lordship, and much expectation was raised, when it was known, that it was to form the subject of his long announced poem; nor do we think its readers will be disappointed.

The poem is founded on an incident, in the early life of *Mazeppa*, which is related by Voltaire, in his *History of Charles XII*, and by Lesur, in his *Histoire des Cosaques*. *Mazeppa* was born in the Palatinate of Podolia, and being of a good family, was made page to Jean Casimir, King of Poland, at whose court, he acquired some knowledge of the belles-lettres; but, having been discovered in an intrigue with the wife of a Polish nobleman, he was scourged, and then tied on a wild horse, from the Ukraine, which carried him into the desert. Here, perishing with fatigue and hunger, some peasants came to his assistance, and he recovered. He enrolled himself among the Cossacks, soon distinguished himself by his bravery and superior talents, and became Hettman of the Cossacks and Prince of the Ukraine. At the battle of Pultowa, *Mazeppa*, who had taken part with Charles XII, was present with a troop of Cossacks, and after that fatal defeat, he retired with the king to Bender, where he died, at the age of eighty, but whether he poisoned himself, or died of sorrow, is doubtful. It is during the retreat of the army, and while the Swedish monarch, wounded and fatigued, is reclining at the foot of a tree, that *Mazeppa* is made to relate the story of his early life. The poem opens finely:—

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.'

Vol. I.

While the wounded monarch is laid at the foot of a tree, surrounded by a band of chiefs, *Mazeppa* first attends to his courser, which is described as 'shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,' and then joins the group, offering his whole stock of provisions, from his haversack, to the monarch and his men; Charles partook of it,

'And then he said—"Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done
Than thee, *Mazeppa*! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy *Bucephalus* and thou.
All *Scythia's* fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field."
Mazeppa answer'd—"I'll betide
The school wherein I learn'd to ride!"
Quoth Charles—"Old Hettman, wherefore so,
Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?"

Mazeppa then begins the story of his life, which, however unfortunate, was the precursor of his great success afterwards. He describes himself as in his twentieth spring, when he became acquainted with the wife of a Polish count, who was rich, and proud of his ancestry:—

"His wife was not of his opinion—
His junior she by thirty years—
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances,
Those happy accidents which render
The coldest dames so very tender,
To deck her Count with titles given,
'Tis said, as passports into heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these who have deserved them most.'

The description of his mistress, and of their first interview, is a luxuriant one, and in the best style of the noble bard:—

"But let me on: Theresa's form—
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chesnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm;
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well:
She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise at midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,

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And lift their raptured looks on high,
 As though it were a joy to die.
 A brow like a midsummer lake,
 Transparent with the sun therein,
 When waves no murmur dare to make,
 And heaven beholds her face within.
 A cheek and lip—but why proceed?
 I loved her then—I love her still;
 And such as I am, love indeed
 In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
 But still we love even in our rage,
 And haunted to our very age.
 With the vain shadow of the past,
 As is Mazeppa to the last.
 We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd,
 She did not speak, and yet replied;
 'There are ten thousand tones and signs
 We hear and see, but none defines—
 Involuntary sparks of thought,
 Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
 And form a strange intelligence,
 Alike mysterious and intense,
 Which link the burning chain that binds,
 Without their will, young hearts and minds;
 Conveying, as the electric wire,
 We know not how, the absorbing fire.'—

Mazeppa, at length, broke silence, and declared his passion, in incoherent words:—

"Their eloquence was little worth,
 But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
 Who listens once, will listen twice;
 Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
 And one refusal no rebuff."

Mazeppa loved, and was beloved again—they met in secret—the husband surprised them, and instantly doomed him to the punishment which forms so striking an incident in the poem:—

"Bring forth the horse!"—the horse was brought;
 "In truth, he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
 Who look'd as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled—
 'Twas but a day he had been caught;
 And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
 In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led:
 They bound me on, that menial throng,
 Upon his back with many a thong;
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
 Away!—away!—and on we dash!
 Torrents less rapid and less rash."

The horse bounds through the desert and the wood unrestrained, while the cords which bound Mazeppa become wet with gore oozing from his limbs; the swiftness of the animal is beautifully described:—

"When first my courser's race begun,
 I wish'd the goal already won;
 But now I doubted strength and speed.
 Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
 Had nerv'd him like the mountain roe;
 Nor faster falls the blinding snow
 Which whelms the peasant near the door,
 Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
 Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
 Than through the forest-paths he past—
 Untir'd, untamed, and worse than wild;
 All furious as a favour'd child

Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
 A woman piqued—who has her will."—
 His own feelings are not less powerfully depicted:—
 "And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
 The tortures which beset my path,
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood,
 When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
 And trodden hard upon, is like
 The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
 The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
 I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
 But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
 My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
 And throb'd awhile, then beat no more;
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
 And a slight flash sprung o'er my eyes,
 Which saw no farther: he who dies
 Can die no more than then I died.
 O'er-tortured by that ghastly ride,
 I felt the blackness come and go,
 And strove to wake; but could not make
 My senses climb up from below:
 I felt as on a plank at sea,
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
 At the same time upheave and whelm,
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm."

A river crossed and a hill ascended, the horse bears his reluctant rider to his fellow steeds of the Ukraine, where, exhausted with fatigue, he sinks to rise no more, while Mazeppa, 'the dying on the dead,' remains some time in danger of becoming a prey to the 'expecting raven;' before he is extricated,—

"A trampling troop; I see them come!
 In one vast squadron they advance!
 I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
 The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
 But where are they the reins to guide!
 A thousand horse—and none to ride!
 With flowing tail, and flying mane,
 Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or reia,
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod.
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
 Came thickly thundering on,
 As if our faint approach to meet;
 The sight re-nerv'd my courser's feet,
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
 A moment, with a faint low neigh,
 He answer'd, and then fell;
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
 And reeking limbs immovable,
 His first and last career is done!"

* * * * *
 "The sun was sinking—still I lay
 Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed,
 I thought to mingle there our clay;
 And my dim eyes of death had need,
 No hope arose of being freed:
 I cast my last looks up the sky,
 And there between me and the sun
 I saw the expecting raven fly,
 Who scarce would wait till both should die,
 Ere his repast begun;
 He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
 And each time nearer than before;

I saw his wing through twilight flit,
 And once so near me he alit,
 I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
 But the slight motion of my hand,
 And feeble scratching of the sand,
 The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
 Which scarcely could be called a voice,
 Together scared him off at length.—
 I know no more—my latest dream
 Is something of a lovely star
 Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
 And went and came with wandering beam,
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
 Sensation of recurring sense,
 And then subsiding back to death,
 And then again a little breath,
 A little thrill, a short suspense,
 An icy sickness curdling o'er
 My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
 A sigh, and nothing more.”

At length, a human form approaches; it is that of a female peasant, who rescues him from his situation, and, in recovering him, paves the way to his future fortunes:—

“A slender girl, long-hair'd and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall;
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw
 A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free:
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be,—
 But that I lived, and was released
 From adding to the vulture's feast:
 And when the Cossack maid beheld
 My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
 She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,
 But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made
 With lip and finger signs that said,
 I must not strive as yet to break
 The silence, till my strength should be
 Enough to leave my accents free;
 And then her hand on mine she laid,
 And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
 And stole along on tip-toe tread,
 And gently oped the door, and spake
 In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
 Even music followed her light feet;—
 But those she call'd were not awake,
 And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
 Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say,
 That I had nought to fear, that all
 Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
 Her due return:—while she was gone,
 Methought I felt too much alone.
 She came with mother and with sire—
 What need of more?—I will not tire
 With long recital of the rest,
 Since I became the Cossacks' guest:
 They found me senseless on the plain—
 They bore me to the nearest hut—
 They brought me into life again—
 Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!
 Thus the vain fool, who strove to glut
 His rage, refining on my pain,
 Sent me forth to the wilderness,
 Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone
 To pass the desert to a throne,—

What mortal his own doom may guess?
 Let none despond, let none despair!”

The poem, it will be seen, is strictly confined to one incident in the life of Mazeppa, and although it affords our bard a fine opportunity for that vivid description which so much distinguishes his works, yet we cannot consider it as one of his most successful efforts; though it is less tainted with the gloom which pervades his former productions.

To this poem, an Ode, in praise of Venice, and a Fragment, in prose, are added, which we shall notice in our next.

Desultory Exposition of an Anti-British System of Incendiary Publication, &c.; intended to sacrifice the Honour and Interests of the British Institution, the Royal Academy, and the whole Body of the British Artists and their Patrons, to the Passions, Quackeries, and Falsehoods, of certain disappointed Candidates for Prizes at the British Gallery and Admission as Associates into the Royal Academy. By William Carey: 8vo. pp. 349. London, 1819.

THIS work, from the earnest manner in which the subject is treated, although, in some parts, perhaps, it may be deemed rather too diffuse, is peculiarly deserving the attention of artists and amateurs. It is intended to expose a system of individuality in the fine arts, to which the author has been uniformly opposed. It appears, by his statement, that, in consequence of this opposition, immediately after the publication of his critical description of Mr. West's Picture of Death on the Pale Horse, he was attacked, in April, 1818, in the eighth number of a work entitled, the 'Annals of the Fine Arts,' which he states to be founded on a system of Unitarianism in the highest degree prejudicial to the interests and advancement of British painting. Mr. Carey speaks of this system in the following terms:—

‘I never did reduce my view of the British School to the narrow and unsafe basis of the passions, prejudices, or mistaken views of any individual or isolated present object. Individuality, or Unitarianism—the monopoly of praise for only one—is the rock upon which all great public interests split; and the British artists cannot flee too far from that danger.’

Mr. Carey has also satisfactorily proved, that the points concerning the adjectives of diminution ending in ‘ish,’ and the word ‘carnations,’ which the editor of the ‘Annals’ affected to condemn as cant terms and theoretical nonsense, have been used by Reynolds, Barry, Northcote, Raphael, Mengs, Richardson, and the best of our writers on painting. They are undoubtedly of orthodox English derivation, and without them the colouring of a picture cannot be properly described:—

‘Chaucer, Spenser, Skakespeare, Hooker, Woodward, Dryden, Otway, Rowe, Boyle, Pope, Addison, Newton, and the very purest of their successors, have used these “ishes,” which are so very offensive to this exemplary advocate for purity of English style.’

Mr. Carey vindicates himself from the charge of having ‘praised Mr. West at the expense of other painters,’ as had been asserted in the ‘Annals,’ and asserts, that the critiques on the pictures of the French School, which occupied so considerable a portion of that work, were evidently inserted with the intention of concealing the works of the British artists from the British public. Mr. Carey expresses himself warmly on this subject:—

'To make the crying guilt of those envious perpetrations more heinous, although Hilton's triumphal entrance of the Duke of Wellington was thrown into darkness, and Brockedon's noble act of public spirit, his presentation picture to the county of Devon, was suppressed in total silence; although the address of thanks to that young British historical painter, a paper of more consequence to British art than a ship-load of letters from M. Olenin, in Russia, to Mr. Haydon, was as disrespectfully and enviously suppressed; although not a line of description was given, in 1817, to all the British pictures in the British Gallery, fifty-five lines are given to M. Landon, a French student at Rome! thirty-four lines to one modern French picture, by M. Pigol, exhibiting in the Salon des Beaux Arts, at Paris! twenty-eight lines to one modern French picture, by M. Le Jeune; twenty-seven lines to one by Laurent, and eighty-five lines to two by Guerin, all hanging in the same saloon, at Paris; and yet only sixty-eight lines of bare enumeration are allowed, in the same volume, to the whole exhibition, by the living artists in the British Gallery, in 1817! So that two modern French paintings, by one artist, exhibiting at Paris, were allowed seventeen lines more than all the works of our native artists in a whole British Gallery, although brought forward to the British public by the noble act, and exhibited under the eye and patronage of the noblemen and gentlemen of the British Institution, in Pall Mall! So much for the fact, that the private contempt expressed by this base cabal for the judgment of the directors, and "the tasteless mob," who compose the British Institution, and paid three thousand guineas for West's picture, is, also, exemplified by public acts of practical contempt for their patriotic plans, and for those artists whom they have taken under their protection.'

But this conduct could not possibly be passed over by the discerning reader, without its drift being perceived: no person could read the 'Annals' and escape being struck by the gross partiality and misrepresentation which pervade the whole work. Mr. Carey confidently maintains, that, instead of being a faithful record of the fine arts, the publication is rendered subservient to the 'passions, quackeries, and falsehoods of certain' individuals, and has disgraced its pages by the calumnies and defamations with which it is continually stigmatizing the British artists. The royal academicians are branded as 'reptiles,' and even the nobility, gentry, and the British public, are distinguished in this work, by the elegant appellation of the 'tasteless mob!'

This system of favouritism, as injurious to the arts as it is unjust to the individuals, is fully exposed in this work, and we are of opinion, that Mr. Carey is entitled to the sincere thanks of the artists in general, as well as to those of all true lovers of art. We shall now conclude this article with two extracts from the 'Exposition,' on the subject of historical painting and the fine arts in general, in which we most perfectly agree:—

'In their religion, Greece and Rome possessed a native soil, in which historical art struck deep its roots, and grew up to its loftiest elevation. In those countries, historical art may be termed indigenous: in England, it has been hitherto an exotic. If we have not this favourable soil, we must not, in our honourable earnestness to create a soil for this majestic tree, attack and root up those noble growths which are indigenous with us. Any such attempt to wound or destroy must be vain, although it may have the unhappy effect of degrading men of genius, the professors of painting, into petty and malignant cabals; upon the offence and defence; disgracefully warring upon each other, in private circles, and scattering anonymous slanders and personalities through the public journals. A groundless prejudice against modern art, is one of the great evils against which the British school has to struggle; and this evil must be increased by every publication

which tends to lower the British artists generally, in the public opinion. Surely no true friend to the fine arts can augur a good from such divisions. To others we leave the honourable task of excitement. We do not expect perfection in human nature, and are friendly to the correction of abuses; but we conceive that the honour and interests of the Royal Academy, of the British Institution, and of the whole body of the artists, considered as the British school—and its patrons, are one. They rest upon the same broad basis, and whatever has a tendency to narrow that foundation to the mistaken views, prejudices, or passions of individuals, must endanger the superstructure and prove injurious to all.'

'No man of sound understanding can expect that any individual or public assembly, however eminently gifted, can always decide without a liability to error; but those who act to the best of their judgment for the promotion of a public good, are entitled even in their well-meant errors, to the public thanks and approbation. If a member or director were, to-morrow, to publish an erroneous opinion on any important subject of the fine arts, it is the general undoubted right, and, indeed, the duty of every artist or public writer conversant in the subject, to show wherein the error consists, and to prevent its ill consequences. But surely this may be done with firmness and amenity, so as to reach the proposed benefit, with deference, good temper, and conciliation, without giving the discussion an offensive or exasperating turn; or seeking to wound the feelings and lower the character of a lover of the arts, associated for their advantage, and whose very errors must arise from the zealous activity of his good intentions. Considering it as a general question, what circumstance could be more disgusting to any society, instituted to advance the interests of a profession, than that of their being liable individually, upon a mere error in judgment, to be publicly attacked and treated with insult, held forth to derision and obloquy for years, and triumphantly trampled upon as a conquered and invading enemy, by one of those whom they were expressly united to befriend, and anxiously labouring to recommend and patronize.'

There is much truth and good sense in these observations; and, although we wish that Mr. Carey had displayed more of the 'good temper and conciliation' which he recommends, yet we must confess that his error, in this respect, arises from his ardent zeal in a noble cause, and from the unmerited provocations he has received; nor can we quit the 'Exposition' without recommending it to the calm and deliberate perusal of every friend to modern art and native talent, assuring them that this is a work of high importance to the 'honour and interests' of British artists.

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*The Iphigenia of Timanthes, a Poem; the Subject for the Newdigate Prize, at Oxford, for 1819. By the Author of Genius, a Vision.*

Most of our readers, are, no doubt, acquainted with the story of Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. When the Greeks, going to the Trojan war, were detained by contrary winds, at Aulis, they were informed by Calchas, the priest of Apollo, and the soothsayer of the army, that to appease the gods, they must sacrifice Iphigenia to Diana, whom Agamemnon had provoked, by killing her favourite stag. Notwithstanding, the tears and intreaties of Iphigenia, and the reluctance of her father, he at length consented to immolate her for the common cause of Greece, but when Calchas had raised the knife, to strike the fatal blow, Iphigenia suddenly disappeared, and a goat of uncommon size and beauty, was found in her place, ready for the sacrifice. On this story, Timanthes, a painter, of Sicyon, in the reign of Philip,



the father of Alexander the Great, executed the celebrated painting of Iphigenia going to be immolated, in which he represented all the attendants, overwhelmed with grief; but his superior genius, by covering the face of Agamemnon, left to the conception of the imagination, the deep sorrows of the father. It is on this picture, that the poem before us is written, with a degree of spirit and poetical diction, which makes us regret its brevity; the description of Agamemnon's grief is strikingly beautiful, and the whole poem is worthy of the subject which has given rise to it. As the poem has, only, (we believe) been privately circulated, and may not fall into the hands of many, we insert the whole of it:—

‘IMAGINATION! Thou whose kindling eye  
 Erst pierc'd the chrystal glories of the sky;  
 Saw Gods in grief—and, awe-struck at the sight,  
 Denied a mortal's misery to light;  
 Oh! once again vouchsafe to point our view,  
 And raise the vision of the past anew.  
 Such as Timanthes saw, till Aulis' tale  
 Embodied—turn'd the shudd'ring nations pale.  
 Then time at last were cheated of his prey,  
 The pen would snatch the pencil from decay.  
 The vision rises—mark, 'amid the band,  
 So ghastly wan, the victim princess stand;  
 Not as ere while, in impotence of pray'r,  
 But stamp'd a silent convert to despair.  
 Fix'd as the wife that turn'd her longing gaze,  
 Where nought but stone could tolerate the blaze;  
 Oppos'd—confronted—like as Lot had been,  
 Had but one glance resought his bosom's queen.  
 Like to huge Atlas, when his weaker foe\*  
 Struck with his gorgan talisman the blow.  
 The king—the father stands—but veil'd in grief,  
 Since dumb conviction dares not hope relief.  
 Stupendous thought! to veil a mortal's throe,  
 To give to Fancy, e'en a God in woe.  
 No! not a pang the pencil ere pourtray'd,  
 So much of mourning majesty convey'd;  
 Still is his form, and can that calm express  
 More than a God's epitomis'd distress.  
 Colossal all! here pity turns to gaze,  
 And pour the speechless homage of amaze.  
 But mark that eye! its fix'd and glassy stare  
 Might basilisk the demon of despair.  
 No hope on earth, the princess looks on high,  
 And dread Diana answers from the sky.  
 Such look our loveliest† when her cherub fled,  
 Fix'd on its car of glory as it sped;  
 And ere her herald pass'd the gates of bliss,  
 Clapp'd the glad wing, and join'd him with a kiss.  
 Genius of Britain! thou that o'er her bier  
 Still in distraction shed'st th' unceasing tear;  
 Shall Grecian woe absorb thy wond'ring gaze,  
 And Grecian art monopolize thy praise;  
 Bid thine own children vindicate thy name,  
 And Painting tell thy tale of tears to Fame;  
 Then 'neath thy cypress wreath may start a smile,  
 To see thy grief immortalize thine isle.’

*Tales of My Landlord, Third Series, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh. 4 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1819.*

(Concluded from our last.)

From the title of the second tale in this series, ‘A Legend

\* ‘Perseus.—See Lempriere.’

† ‘This and the following lines allude to the melancholy fate of the Princess Charlotte.’

of Montrose,’ we had been led to expect that it related to a more illustrious personage, and to a more important period of Scottish history, than the civil wars of the seventeenth century; but in this we have been disappointed. This tale, like the former one, is preceded by an introduction explanatory of the manner in which the author became acquainted with it, written in his usual style, and forming of itself a pleasing episode; but we pass on to the tale itself.

While the disputes were warmly carried on in England, between Charles I and his parliament, Scotland was by no means tranquil: many of the inhabitants, tired of the control of the estates of parliament, and disapproving of the bold measure which they had adopted, of sending into England a large army, to the assistance of the parliament, were determined, on their part, to embrace the earliest opportunity of declaring for the king, and making such a diversion as should at least compel the recall of the army sent to England, if it did not recover a great part of Scotland to the king's allegiance. This plan was chiefly adopted by the northern nobility, who had resisted, with great obstinacy, the adoption of the solemn league and covenant, and by many of the chiefs of the Highland clans, who were strong advocates for royalty, enemies to the Presbyterian form of religion, and in that half savage state of society in which war is always more welcome than peace.

It was during this period that Lord Menteith, a young gentleman well armed and mounted, and accompanied by two servants, were travelling in the Highlands, when, at some distance, they saw a single horseman approaching them:—

‘The solitary stranger was mounted upon an able horse, fit for military service, and for the great weight which he had to carry, and his rider occupied his demipique, or war-saddle, with an air that showed it was his familiar seat. He had a bright burnished head-piece, with a plume of feathers, together with a cuirass, thick enough to resist a musquet ball, with a back-piece of lighter materials. These defensive arms he wore over a buff jerkin, along with a pair of gauntlets, or steel-gloves, the tops of which reached up to his elbows, and which, like the rest of his armour, were of bright steel. At the front of his military saddle, hung a case of pistols, far beyond the ordinary size, nearly two feet in length, and carrying bullets of twenty to the pound. A buff-belt, with a broad silver buckle, sustained, on one side, a long straight double-edged broad-sword, with a strong guard, and a blade calculated either to strike or push. On the right side hung a dagger, of about eighteen inches in length; a shoulder-belt sustained at his back a musquetoon, or blunderbuss, and was crossed by a bandolier containing his charges of ammunition. Thigh-pieces of steel, then termed taslets, met the tops of his huge jack-boots, and completed the equipage of a well-armed trooper of the period.’

The horseman was of a size and appearance which corresponded with his military equipage, and having been challenged by Lord Menteith in the usual way, of ‘For whom are you?’ answered, ‘I am for God and my standard;’ but declared that, as to the present divisions of the kingdom, he had not determined to which side to adhere. In short, he was a soldier of fortune; one, who having studied at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, in his youth, had followed the wars ‘under the banner of the invincible Gustavus, the Lion of the North, and under many other heroic leaders, both Lutheran and Calvinist, Papist and Arminian.’ Lord Menteith having made himself known, induced the soldier to accompany them to a friend's house, from whence, should he not feel inclined to



join them, he promised him safe permission to leave the next morning; to an inquiry of his name, he described himself as Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket, who had served under Gustavus, of Sweden, afterwards commanded 'the whole stift of Dunklespiel, on the Lower Rhine,' had a commission in Walter Butler's Irish regiment, in the Spanish service, and in that of their High Mightinesses the States of Holland, and having heard that there was something to be done in his native country, had returned to Scotland like a beggar to a bridal, in order to give his loving countrymen the advantage of the experience he had acquired in foreign parts.

Menteith lost no time in endeavouring to persuade Dalgetty to join the Highland force, then assembling in the neighbourhood, in the king's behalf; but he could not easily convince him, but that his military tactics would be entirely thrown away on such 'a breechless mob!' Regular pay was another difficulty in Dalgetty's way, for although he accounted it a mean and sordid thing for a soldier to have nothing in his mouth but pay and gelt, like the base cullions, 'the German lanz-knechts,' yet he deemed it necessary, for 'a considerate cavalier, to consider what remuneration he is to receive, and from what funds it is to be paid.'

The party now reached Darnlinvarach, the residence of a Highland chieftain, Angus M'Aulay, which had been dignified with the name of a castle, and which had recently received some additions to its defences. Dalgetty having first seen his horse, Gustavus, well provided for, was ushered into the stone hall, the common rendezvous of a Highland family: a large fire of peat was at one end, and the walls were hung round with military weapons. Refreshments being provided, Captain Dalgetty took his stand near Lord Menteith; but Allan M'Aulay, a brother of the chieftain, having entered the apartment, and looked earnestly in the faces of his guests, seized Anderson (who was waiting at the bottom of the table,) by the arm, and placed him on the vacant seat at the upper end, hurrying Dalgetty, with the same unceremonious precipitation, to the bottom of the table, which so enraged him, that he drew his sword, and was going to fly at Allan, when Lord Menteith interfered, and assured him that he was mad.

The party had not been long seated, when the chief Angus M'Aulay, accompanied by Sir Miles Musgrave, and Christopher Hall, entered. The Highland laird, when in England, and on a visit at the house of Musgrave, had been jeered on the poverty of his country, and that he could not produce six such silver candlesticks as were then on the table. 'The laird, scorning to have his country put down without a word for its credit, swore, like a gude Scotsman, that he had mair candlesticks, and better candlesticks, in his ain castle at hame, than were ever lighted in a hall in Cumberland:' the bet was made for two hundred merks, and the party had now arrived to see it decided; when a stratagem of Allan turned it in favour of his brother. Angus M'Aulay was on the point of soliciting Lord Menteith to lend him the money, when Donald entered: 'Gentlemen, her dinner is ready, and *her candlesticks are lighted too,*' said Donald, with a strong guttural emphasis on the last clause of his speech. The party was ushered into the hall, where, behind each seat, stood a gigantic Highlander, completely dressed and armed, holding, in his right hand, his drawn sword, with the point turned downwards, and in the left, a blazing torch, made of the bog-pine:—

'Ere the strangers had recovered from their surprise, Allan stepped forward, and pointing with his sheathed broad-sword to the torch-bearers, said, in a deep and stern tone of voice, "Behold, gentlemen cavaliers, the chandeliers of my brother's house, the ancient fashion of our ancient name; not one of these men knows any law but their chief's command—would you dare to compare to them in value the richest ore that ever was dug out of the mine! How say you, cavaliers?—is your wager one or lost?"

"Lost, lost," said Musgrave, gaily, "my own silver candlesticks are all melted and riding on horseback by this time, and I wish the fellows that enlisted were half as trusty as these. Here, sir," he added to the chief, "is your money; it impairs Hall's finances and mine somewhat, but debts of honour must be settled."

"My father's curse upon my father's son," said Allan, interrupting him, "if he receive from you one penny. It is enough that you claim no right to exact from him what is his own."

Dalgetty having eat enough to serve him for three days, in case of necessity, according to his usual custom, they retired to rest in the same large apartment, when Menteith related an account of Allan M'Aulay, whose uncle, a forester, had been murdered by the children of the Mist; these banditti had surprised him while hunting, cut off his head, and resolved, in a bravado, to exhibit it at the castle of his brother-in-law, the father of Angus and Allan M'Aulay; the laird was absent, and the lady reluctantly received as guests, men, against whom she was afraid to shut her gates. Refreshments being provided, the children of the Mist placed the head of their victim on the table, put a piece of bread between the lifeless jaws, and bid them do their office; the lady entered, recognized her brother's head, and fled like an arrow to the woods, where, becoming frantic, she remained some time before she was discovered and brought home; she was, at this time, far advanced in pregnancy, and was soon afterwards delivered of a boy, Allan, whose mind was early impressed with superstitious ideas, had an injunction of vengeance upon the children of the Mist, with which he afterwards amply complied, and, while young, often would he return home, with the head of one of this predatory band; and so terrible did he become to them, that it was believed, that he must bear a charmed life, or fight under the guardianship of some supernatural influence. In one of Allan's incursions among them, a little girl, who smiled upon his drawn sword, escaped his vengeance; she was brought to the castle, and bred up under the name of Annot Lyle, 'the most beautiful little fairy that ever danced upon a heath by moonlight;' this girl became a great favourite with Allan, as it occurred to him, that she might not belong to the hated blood of his enemies, and her skill in music produced the most beneficial effects on the disturbed spirits of her preserver.

The next morning, Captain Dalgetty was called on to declare 'whom he would serve,' when, on an intimation that he might recover his 'natural heritament of Drumthwacket' he agreed to join the king's party. At the breakfast, Annot Lyle played an ancient Gaelic melody on the harp, which recovered Allan from his melancholy mood, and he presented her with a box of trinkets, which had belonged to his mother, among which was a ring, which bore, in enamel, a death's head above two crossed daggers.

'When Allan recognized the device, he uttered a sigh so deep, that she dropped the ring from her hand, which rolled



upon the floor. Lord Menteith picked it up, and returned it to the terrified Annot.

"I take God to witness," said Allan, "that your hand, young lord, and not mine, has again delivered to her this ill-omened gift. It was the mourning ring worn by my mother in memorial of her murdered brother."

"I fear no omens," said Annot, smiling through her tears; "and nothing coming through the hands of my two patrons," so she was wont to call Lord Menteith and Allan, "can bring bad luck to the poor orphan."

Allan, then, with that prophetic confidence which he invariably possessed, told Lord Menteith the fate which would befall him:—

"Your rank, my lord, will suffer no dishonour in your person, only the manner of your death. Three times have I seen a highlander plant his dirk in your bosom—and such will be your fate."

The various highland chiefs that had arrived, now assembled to choose a leader worthy of their confidence; when Allan M'Aulay, laying his hand upon the shoulder of Anderson, said, 'there is but one, and here he stands;' the general surprise of the meeting was expressed by an impatient murmur, when Anderson discovered himself as James Graham, Earl of Montrose, to whom a commission, which he exhibited, had been granted by the king, to command all the forces in that kingdom. Sir Duncan Campbell, who had been sent by the Marquis of Argyle, was now ushered into the hall, having been sent to know the meaning of the convocation, and to offer a truce, when it was agreed, that Captain Dalgetty should return with him to Inverara, to the marquis, to arrange the terms, although there was little hope of a successful termination of the mission; while Sir Duncan Campbell was at Darnlinvarach, he saw Annot Lyle, who charmed him much with the gracefulness of her person; and her song, which she executed, had on him a most powerful effect, when Angus M'Aulay came to announce, that the cavalier, who was to accompany him, was in readiness; this produced from him a charge of inhospitality. In their way to Inverara, Sir Duncan and Captain Dalgetty called at Ardenvohr, the residence of the former, which Dalgetty admired much for its strength, and would have entered largely on the best means of defending it, had his host suffered him to proceed. The next day was a sad anniversary observed by the family of Sir Duncan Campbell, and his lady prevailed on him to remain at home, while Dalgetty proceeded to Inverara, the seat of the Marquis of Argyle; here he was dishonourably thrown into a dungeon, in which was confined Ranald Mac Eagh, that is, Ranald, son of the Mist; they were visited by the Marquis of Argyle, in disguise, to whom Ranald related his having preserved the daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell, and that she was now in the castle of Darnlinvarach, under the name of Annot Lyle; that he had been in the hall of the castle, disguised as a harper, and was on the point of striking his dagger to the heart of Allan M'Aulay, when Annot touching her clairsach to a song of the children of the Mist, his hand forsook his dagger, the fountains of his eyes were opened, and the hour of revenge passed away. Dalgetty seized the disguised nobleman by the throat, dispossessed him of the keys, and, together with Ranald, affected his escape, making their way to the obscure residence of the children of the Mist; they were pursued by bloodhounds and armed men, against which, much to the disappointment of Dalgetty, they had

nothing to oppose but bows and arrows, although those proved effectual; a pursuer, somewhat in advance, was shot dead, but Dalgetty was wounded by an adverse shot. After remaining some time under the protection of the children of the Mist, and being cured of his wound, Dalgetty set forward to join the Earl of Montrose, accompanied by Ranald Mac Eagh and his son, to whom he had promised protection, and which he insured them by declaring to the gallant earl the secret history of this outlaw. Allan M'Aulay and Ranald Mac Eagh, with that instinctive knowledge which is allowed to seers, had no sooner seen each other, than they associated together, and conversed in a mysterious tone of voice on the nature and extent of their visionary experiences, particularly on the fate of Menteith; when Allan declared he had repeatedly had the sight of a Gael, who seemed to plunge his weapon into the body of Menteith; that Gael, Ranald declared, was Allan himself, and he acknowledged that he had surmised it a hundred times, although the ties of blood, and a hundred ties more intimate, seemed to render it impossible.

The next day, preparations were made for marching to give Argyle battle, who, with the advice of the chieftains, had left the army; dispositions being made on each side, the combat commenced; the army of Montrose had the advantage, when Major Dalgetty discovered his old host, Sir Duncan Campbell, defending himself against a body of highlanders, and called out to him 'good quarter, Sir Duncan,' but this was only answered by his discharging a reserved pistol, which lay his horse, Gustavus, dead on the field; when Ranald Mac Eagh cut Sir Duncan down with his broad sword; Allan M'Aulay arrived at this moment, and would have done the same office for Ranald, who avowed himself as his old foe, had not Dalgetty interfered and prevented it. The Earl of Montrose came up, knighted Dalgetty, and gave him his horse to pursue the enemy, which, at the onset, consisted of three thousand men, but were now reduced to one half the number. Sir Duncan Campbell and Ranald, the former wounded, were conveyed to the camp, where Annot Lyle then was, and having acquired some skill in medicine and surgery, she was requested to attend on the knight of Ardenvohr, whose wound, however, she declared, beyond her skill to cure. Ranald begged to be introduced to Sir Duncan, which was granted:—

'His features, naturally wild, were now distorted by pain; his hands and scanty garments stained with his own blood, and those of others, which no kind hand had wiped away, although the wound in his side had been secured by a bandage.'

"Are you," he said, raising his head painfully towards the couch where lay stretched his late antagonist, "he whom men call the Knight of Ardenvohr?"

"The same," answered Sir Duncan, "what would you with one whose hours are now numbered?"

"My hours are reduced to minutes," said the outlaw; "the more grace, if I bestow them in the service of one, whose hand has ever been against me, as mine has been raised higher against him."

"Thine higher against me!—crushed worm!" said the knight, looking down on his miserable adversary.

"Yes," answered the outlaw, in a firm voice, "my arm hath been highest; the wounds I have dealt have been deepest, though thine have neither been idle nor unfelt,—I am Ranald Mac Eagh—I am Ranald of the Mist—the night that I gave thy castle to the winds in one huge blaze of fire, is now matched with the day in which you have fallen under the sword of my fathers.—Remember the injuries thou hast done



our tribe—never were such inflicted, save by one, beside thee. He, they say, is fated and secure against our vengeance—a short time will shew."

"My Lord Menteith," said Sir Duncan, raising himself out of his bed, "this is a proclaimed villain, at once the enemy of king and parliament, of God and man—one of the outlawed banditti of the Mist; alike the enemy of your house, of the M'Aulays, and of mine. I trust you will not suffer moments, which are perhaps my last, to be embittered by his barbarous triumph."

"He shall have the treatment he merits," said Menteith; "let him be instantly removed."

Sir Dugald here interposed, and spoke of Ranald's services as a guide, and his own pledge for his safety; but the high harsh tones of the outlaw drowned his voice.

"No," said he, "be rack and gibbet the word; let me wither between heaven and earth, and gorge the hawks and eagles of Ben Nevis; and so shall this haughty knight, and this triumphant Thane, never learn the secret I alone can impart; a secret which would make Ardenvohr's heart leap with joy, were he in the death agony, and which the Earl of Menteith would purchase at the price of his broad earldom. Come hither, Annot Lyle," he said, raising himself with unexpected strength; "fear not the sight of him to whom thou hast clung in infancy. Tell these proud men, who disdain thee as the issue of mine ancient race, that thou art no blood of our's—no daughter of the race of the Mist, but born in halls as lordly, and cradled on couch as soft, as ever soothed infancy in their proudest palaces."

"In the name of God," said Menteith, trembling with emotion, "if you know aught of the birth of this lady, do thy conscience the justice to disburden it of the secret before departing from this world!"

"And bless my enemies with my dying breath?" said MacEagh, looking at him malignantly.—"Such are the maxims your priests preach—but when, or towards whom, do you practice them? Let me know first the worth of my secret ere I part with it—what would you give, Knight of Ardenvohr, to know that your superstitious fasts have been vain, and that there still remains a descendant of your house?—I pause for an answer—without it, I speak not one word more."

"I could," said Sir Duncan, his voice struggling between the emotions of doubt, hatred, and anxiety—"I could, but that I know thy race are like the great enemy, liars and murderers from the beginning; but could it be true thou tellest me, I could almost forgive thee the injuries thou hast done me."

"Hear it!" said Ranald; "he hath wagered deeply for a son of Diarmid.—And you, gentle Thane—the report of the camp says, that you would purchase with life and lands the tidings that Annot Lyle was no daughter of proscription, but of a race noble in your estimation as your own—Well, it is for no love I tell you—The time has been that I would have exchanged this secret against liberty, I am now bartering it for that is dearer than liberty or life.—Annot Lyle is the youngest, the sole surviving child of the Knight of Ardenvohr, who alone was saved when all in his halls besides was given to blood and ashes."

This was pleasing news to Menteith, who had been in love with Annot, and only refrained from marrying her on account of the obscurity of her birth, while she was by no means averse to the union; the consent of Sir Duncan was obtained, and the nuptial-day fixed, when Allan M'Aulay, who had declared his passion to Annot, rushed into the apartment of Menteith, and accusing him of treachery towards him, in his conduct with Annot, struck his dagger into the earl's bosom, then hurried out of the house, and was, it is said, afterwards killed by Kenneth, son of Ranald MacEagh, who, with his dying breath, had conjured his son to seek vengeance upon him. Menteith recovered, and was married to Annot Lyle; Sir Dugald Dalgetty,

after some hair-breadth escapes, recovered his paternal estate of Dumthwacket, and lived to a good old age, full of 'interminable stories about the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the lion of the north, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith:' thus terminates 'a Legend of Montrose.'

The author of these tales, at the close of the last volume, states, that having exhibited sufficient varieties of the Scottish character to exhaust one individual's powers of observation, to persist would be useless and tedious; but we are by no means of this opinion, and much doubt that his place would be easily filled, notwithstanding we think his own talents evidently on the decline, and that these tales are much inferior to the former ones, in plot, incident, language, and power of description; we might also add, in originality also. The *Bride of Lammermoor* we think the best of the two; the characters are more original, and better sketched; that of Caleb Balderstone is a master-piece, and although it bears some resemblance to the *Lying Valet*, yet the difference, in other respects, is so great, as to prove that the one could afford no assistance in portraying the other. Johnny Mortsheugh, the gravedigger and fiddler of Todshole, and the hags or witches, though subordinate characters in the novel, are all drawn with great felicity; indeed, it is one of the characteristics of these tales, that personages, in themselves of little consequence to the plot of the piece, are rendered interesting by the descriptive talents of the author.

The *Legend of Montrose* has a greater compactness of narrative, but is equally tinged with superstition: the character of Allan, the gloomy child of misfortune, and the gifted seer, whose arm is almost irresistible, is described with astonishing effect, while his rougher nature is softened by such estimable qualities as to give him a strong hold on our sympathy. Annot Lyle charms us by her beauty, genius, and the interesting circumstances which attend her; and Dalgetty, though a hired mercenary, has sufficient good nature and eccentricity to atone, in some degree, for the more odious part of his character. On the whole, whatever opinions we may entertain of these tales, as compared with the same author's former productions, we cannot but consider them as possessing considerable merit; and we shall much regret if Jedediah Cleishbotham keeps his promise of retiring from the field, when there is such an abundant harvest before him, and while he displays so much vigour and power of exertion.

.....  
*A Manual of Chemistry; containing the principal Facts of the Science, arranged in the order in which they are discussed and illustrated in the Lectures at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By William Thomas Brande, Secretary of the Royal Society, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 652. London, 1819.

(Concluded.)

To the opinion which we have already given as to the merits of this work, it will be unnecessary to add any further remarks; and, in a volume which treats on all the branches of so interesting a science as that of chemistry, with so much minuteness and ability as Mr. Brande has done in the present instance, it is difficult to do it full justice by any extracts. That branch of the science, if it may not be called a science in itself, Geology, and which is of so modern a date, is very ably treated, and the differ-



ent theories of former writers noticed; from the following extract on the theory of volcanoes, it will be seen that Mr. Brande is in favour of the Huttonian system:—

‘But the most striking sources of decay and reproduction, are those dependent upon volcanic phenomena.

‘The form of volcanic hills is usually conical, of which the outline of the Bay of Naples presents a fine panorama. One of its hills serves to give some idea of the vast powers of the subterranean agents; it is about one thousand feet high, and three miles in circumference, and was raised, in 1538, in a single night\*.

‘In June, 1811, a volcano was discovered in the sea, off St. Michael, and it formed an island about a mile in circumference.

‘To describe the phenomena of volcanic eruptions, with all attending circumstances, would be foreign to our present purpose; but as the same causes may have been active in producing other geological phenomena, it becomes right to mention the subject.

‘Until lately, the cause of volcanic fire was referred to sulphur, coal, and other common inflammable matters, which were supposed to be burning in immense masses within the earth, and thus to give rise to the tremendous explosions and ejections of lava and stones attending the eruption; but the products ill accord with such an explanation. Earthy, alkaline, metallic, and stony bodies united, form the lava; and steam and hydrogen gas accompany its throwing forth; and as the products of combustion always have a reference to the combustible, such matters were not likely to be produced from sulphur or coal.

‘The discoveries of Sir H. Davy have enlightened this, as well as every other branch of chemistry, and from them we may deduce a very adequate solution of the problem of volcanoes, for we have only to suppose the access of water to large masses of those peculiar metals which constitute the alkaline and earthy bases, and we are possessed of all that is wanted to produce the tremendous effects of earthquakes and volcanoes; for what power can resist the expansive force of steam, and the sudden evolution of gaseous fluids, accompanied by torrents of the earths in igneous fusion, which such a concurrence of circumstances would give rise to, and which are the actual concomitants of volcanic eruptions!

‘From the same source the Huttonian theory derives great additional plausibility, for its feeble parts were those which related to the required expansive forces, to the intense continuance of heat, to its occasional increase and decrease, and to the existence of a species of fuel adequate to the various effects that have been described. The metals of the earths are equal to the production of all these complicated and apparently incompatible effects, and these and water are the sole agents required.’

This work is embellished with more than a hundred wood-cuts, and other engravings, illustrative of the different branches of chemistry, or of the apparatus used in the prosecution of this useful and instructive science, which is now making the most rapid progress, through the talents and industry of our modern chemists, among the first of whom Mr. Brande may justly be classed.

## Original Correspondence.

### POISON PREVENTION BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—From experience, I am convinced that greater caution should be enforced, than is generally employed in retailing medicines, and beg leave to offer a few observations on the subject; stamping the word ‘Poison’ on

\* See Sir Wm. Hamilton’s Paper in the Phil. Trans. for 1771.

each deleterious article, would be impolitic and improper; impolitic, as it would greatly increase the known loopholes, already too numerous, through which many, seeking to escape from the trials of time, plunge into eternity; and, by making the word so familiar to the eye, as it must in that case become, much of its present repulsive power on the mind, would be destroyed.

It would be improper, because many substances, not immediately poisonous, require caution in administering them. Now, Sir, it has appeared to me, that the word ‘Dangerous,’ would more effectually answer the purpose of a public caution, for a reason hereafter stated; while none of those objections operate against it.

Philologists have delighted to display the powerful influence of words on the mind. Thus they would observe on these two, that ‘Poison’ raises the idea of immediate dissolution, and consequent release from bodily pain; wherefore, in violent agony, or despair, a packet stamped ‘Poison’ presenting itself, would be received as a providential offer of relief, and employed on the instant. Whereas, twenty packets marked ‘Dangerous’ might present themselves, yet would all be avoided with terror; because this word induces a conception of lingering torture and possible recovery.

From this consideration, I should recommend, that to command attention from the person supplying the article, he should be compelled, under a heavy penalty, to affix its name, by the *most secure means*, either printed (always to be preferred) or legibly written. To which, as a caution to the public, the word ‘Dangerous’ should be added to every deleterious article.

On the mistaken assertion, that a druggist’s shop should be preferred by the public, to an apothecary’s, I may descant at some future opportunity, should not your correspondent, already engaged on the subject, anticipate my sentiments, which will afford much pleasure to

Sir, your’s respectfully,

June 29, 1819.

J. A.

### THE SLAVE TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—This horrible traffic still flourishes in that boasted land of liberty, the United States, notwithstanding they would have us believe that the laws for its prevention are strictly executed. In a New Orleans paper, some time ago, there was an account of the capture of a vessel, having seventy-two slaves on board, belonging to some merchants at Salem, and insured by the underwriters; and another United States’ newspaper asserts boldly, that ‘this illegal trade is countenanced by the administration, in direct violation of the statute laws of the union,’ and that ‘imported slaves are sold by the officers of government, and the proceeds paid into the public treasury.’ Bold charges these! He adds further, ‘John Lafitte, the pirate, informed me, that in 1813, he introduced, into Louisiana, eighteen hundred slaves; and Mitchel has depots along the Georgia and Carolina shores, for the reception of slaves he intends to be discovered by the public authorities, and then his agents in Savannah and Charleston become the purchasers.’

In looking over a file of papers from the West Indies, found a great number of advertisements for run-away negroes, to the amount, frequently, of a whole page. In giving the description of the various objects of the adver-



tisements, we were particularly struck with the fact, that they are almost all distinguished by some mark or brand, exactly as the farmers in our country mark and brand their cattle and horses, when they turn them loose upon the commons, or, as it is said, the villagers in the neighbourhood of a city do their swine, before they introduce them to its streets, to get an honest livelihood from the contents of the kitchens. The following are examples:—  
 ‘Deborah, a creole, marked C. M. on right shoulder;’  
 ‘Tom, a creole, marked H. W. L. on right breast;’ ‘William, a munding, marked I. W. on his right breast.’  
 These marks, we take it for granted, are made with branding-irons, because, in every instance where the run-away is without any mark, it is stated thus, ‘no brand mark.’ T.

#### THE PRISON; A FRAGMENT.

It was evening—the clattering chain fell—a deep groan succeeded—deeper still!—Again the sound of horror planted in my heart its shaft!—The iron grate was opened—I entered the dwelling of misery—at one corner of the room, laid the emaciated captive—his chains were too ponderous to suffer him to stand erect—near him his wife—her countenance fraught with horrific agony—her attitude of humble supplication—next his children crying for hunger—pining under the extremities of want—an earthen jug and a little straw, completed the miserable inventory of the apartment—the cold stones furnished the carpet, and the bare walls chilled my veins—the massy bars of iron, as though jealous of favour, scarcely admitted a gleam of light through their rusty rivets—the walls were marked with strokes which formed the almanack of the poor man’s imprisonment—an hour was described by a line, and the period of a day was represented by a square of lines.—Alas, thought I, the loss of *liberty* is extreme misfortune!—Could ye not, relentless gaoler, slacken the pulse of misery, or soothe the pangs of pain?—Although your unhappy prisoner moves not your pity, can you regard his weeping family without compassionate emotions?—Or will ye, with Satanic apathy, suffer Want with her mad teeth, to tear off her own flesh, or devour her tattered vesture?—The wife sighed—the prisoner groaned—then fixed his eyes of horror upon his children, conscious of his inability to supply their wants—confined for many years within a dreary dungeon, he had learnt to consider charity as a delusive phantom—he fancied all men cruel as his gaoler—I administered relief—his eyes were raised to heaven—his gratitude appeared expressless—I left the terrible abode of despair—the metal door creaked upon its hinges, as though jealous of disturbance!

J. P. Tn—s.

#### Londiniana,

No. II:

CONSISTING OF VESTIGES, ANECDOTES, AND REMARKS—COLLECTED AND RE-COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

‘Extracts should consist not of common but of select things.’

ANON.

*Heretics.*—The practice of burning alive, for heresy, began in England, with Henry IV. The parish priest of Scytha the Virgin, in London, was the first who suffer-

ed under the statute, then newly made, intituled, ‘*De Hæretico Comburendo.*’

*Bellmen.*—Were first appointed in London, in the year 1556. They were to ring their bells at night, and cry—‘Take care of your fire and candle, be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead.’

*Peterborough House.*—Peterborough House, in which the Earl of Peterborough formerly resided, is situated in Millbank Row, a little distance from the Horseferry. It is a structure of considerable magnitude and (according to the taste of the age when it was erected) elegance. Many may remember, when its garden nearly extended to Tothill Fields. It was, at the beginning of the last century, in the possession of Mr. Bull, a merchant;—Robarts, Esq. of the Exchequer, resided in it about twenty-six years ago; it was afterwards tenanted by John Vidler, Esq. and became (what it now is) the Mail Coach Manufactory.

*Customs.*—In the year 1268, the city of London paid to the crown, for customs on foreign merchandize, the sum of £75 6s. 10d. for half a year only; and for tolls in the flesh, fish, and corn markets, and also at the city gates, and in Smithfield, the sum of £289 6s. 4½d. for the like period.

*Fortifications.*—When Edward, the Black Prince, was left custos or guardian of England, during his father’s absence in France; the French had invaded England in several places, whereupon he directed his precept to the ‘Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs of London, forthwith to shut up or fortify their city next the Thames, with either stone or boards (*de petra vel de bordis*) against a French fleet of ships and galleys, and also to drive piles into the Thames quite across the river for the same purpose; and all persons, as well religious as laity, who had any estate in London, were obliged forthwith to pay their contributions for this end.’

*Mayoralty.*—About the year 1339, we find that the Lord Mayor, for the time being, had an allowance or contribution, of fifty marks yearly, paid by the foreign merchants, residing and trading in London, towards supporting the expence and dignity of his mayoralty.

*Gaming Houses.*—King James I, granted to Clement Cottrell, Esq. groom porter of the king’s household, ‘to license a number of places for the use of cards, dice, bowling-allies, tennis-courts, and such like diversions, viz. without London and Westminster, and the suburbs of the same, twenty-four bowling alleys; in Southwark, four; in St. Catherine’s, one; in the towns of Lambeth and South Lambeth, two; in Shoreditch, one; and in every other burgh, town, village, or hamlet, within two miles of the cities of London and Westminster, one bowling-alley. Also, within the said cities of London and Westminster, and within two miles thereof, fourteen tennis-courts. And to keep play at dice and cards, forty taverns or ordinaries within the said limits, for the honest and reasonable recreation, says this prince, ‘of good and civil people, who for their quality and ability, may lawfully use the games of bowling, tennis, dice, cards, tables, nine-holes, or any other game hereafter to be invented.’

*Bridges.*—A timber bridge across the Thames, at London, had been built some years before the Norman conquest, according to all our historians. Canute the Great sailed up to this bridge, in 1016, with a great fleet, and because that he could not pass the bridge, he dug a trench on the south-side of the Thames, through which he brought



his fleet to the west-side of that bridge, and so besieged the city; Earl Godwin, in the year 1052, passed this bridge with his fleet, through a drawbridge, to the west side of it. The bridge having been carried away by an unusual inundation, a new one was built, though still of timber, by King William Rufus, for which expense, he heavily taxed the people; this bridge was destroyed by fire, and a stone one erected between the years 1176 and 1212.

#### WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

UPON examining the edge of a very keen razor, by the microscope, it appears as broad as the back part of a very thick knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows, and so far from any thing like sharpness, that an instrument so blunt as this seemed to be, would not serve even to cleave wood.

An exceeding small needle being also examined, the point thereof appeared above a quarter of an inch in breadth; not round nor flat, but irregular and unequal; and the surface, though extremely smooth and bright to the naked eye, seemed full of ruggedness, holes, and scratches. In short, it resembled an iron bar out of a smith's forge.

But the sting of a bee, viewed through the same instrument, shewed every where a polish amazingly beautiful, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality; and ended in a point too fine to be discerned.

A small piece of exceeding fine lawn appeared, from the large distances or holes between its threads, somewhat like a hurdle or a lattice; and the threads themselves seemed somewhat coarser than yarn, wherewith ropes are made for anchors.

Some Brussels lace, worth five pound a yard, looked as if it were made of a thick, rough, uneven hair-line, and twisted, fastened, or clotted together, in a very inartful manner.

But a silkworm's web being examined, appeared perfectly smooth and shining, every where equal, and as much finer than any thread the finest spinster in the world made, as the smallest twine is finer than the thickest cable. A pod of this silk being wound off, was found to contain nine hundred and thirty yards; but it is proper to take notice, that as two threads are glued together by the worm, through its whole length, it makes really double the above number, or one thousand eight hundred and sixty yards; which, being weighed with the utmost exactness, were found no heavier than two grains and a half. What an exquisite fineness was here! and yet this is nothing when compared to the web of a small spider, or even with the silk that is issued from the mouth of this very worm, when but newly hatched from the egg.

Let us examine things with a good microscope, and we shall be immediately convinced that the utmost power of art is only a concealment of deformity, an imposition upon our want of sight; and that our admiration of it arises from our ignorance of what it really is.

This valuable discovery of truth will prove the most boasted performances of art to be ill-shaped, rugged, and uneven, as if they were hewn with an axe or struck out with a mallet and chissel; it will show bungling, inequality, and imperfection in every part, and that the whole is disproportionate and monstrous. Our finest miniature paintings appeared before this instrument as mere daub-

ings, plaistered on with a trowel, and entirely void of beauty, either in the drawing or the colouring. Our most shining varnishes, our smoothest polishings, will be found to be mere roughness, full of gaps and flaws.

#### ACCOUNT OF THE GREENLANDERS.

(From the Edinburgh Gazetteer.)

THE Greenlanders of both sexes are generally short, or under the common size, but well proportioned, fat, and plump. Their faces are somewhat flat, their hair black and lank, and their complexion, from their sordid manner of living, is of a brownish red. It is very seldom that they are afflicted with epidemical diseases, being strangers to the small-pox, &c. But the scurvy is the reigning distemper in this country; and their common remedy on this occasion, besides some other simples, is scurvy-grass. Their clothing is made of the skins of reindeer, the dog-fish, and of certain beads, sewed together with the small guts of the *canis marinus*. There is very little difference in the dress of the two sexes, and both of them live in a very filthy manner. They have two sorts of habitations, one of which serves for the winter, and the other for the summer season. The winter dwellings are the largest; and it is generally the women's task to build them up against winter, or when they intend to make a long stay in any particular place. These are of a square form, and built with pebbles, or small fragments of the rocks, and their interstices are filled up with moss or peat. These huts are very seldom more than two ells above the surface of the ground; the rest of them being, for greater stability, and defence from the wind and cold, sunk into the earth. The roof is covered with turf; and the entrance into them is dug narrow, and winding underground. One of these dwellings seldom exceed twenty-feet square, and yet is often occupied by seven or eight families. These habitations are so warm, that both men and women are generally stripped to the waist while they remain in them; but the stench occasioned by the close confinement of so many persons, is intolerable. The Greenlanders betake themselves to these winter mansions in the month of October, and continue in them till the beginning of May. Their summer habitations are light tents, made of the smooth skins of the dog-fish. Their manner of dressing and eating their victuals is extremely disgusting. They prefer the blood of the dog-fish to any other beverage; but their usual drink is water: however, they can drink a great deal of brandy without being intoxicated. The occupation of the men is chiefly fishing and hunting, for which they have very curious tackle. The boats, in which they only row out to sea, are made of very thin narrow boards, fastened together with whale bone, and covered with seal skins. Only one man goes out in one of these boats, who is half covered, and so severely laced in, that the water cannot penetrate into the boat; and, thus equipped, he will row sixty or seventy miles in a day, though he has but one oar, which is six or seven feet long, and flat at both ends. These boats are easily overset, which they look upon as no great detriment, if the owner comes off with his life; and many of them are extremely dexterous in recovering the boat again when such an accident happens. The Greenlanders are strangers to trades, arts, and sciences; they have no traffic among one another, and their commerce with foreigners is very inconsiderable. Their chief commodities are blubber and



whalebone; the sea unicorn's horn; the skins of deer, foxes, and the dog-fish; which they exchange for necessities in clothing, and all kinds of ordinary domestic utensils.

#### INEXHAUSTIBILITY OF BRITISH COAL MINES.

To form an idea, says Dr. Thompson, of the quantity of coal contained in the Newcastle coal formation alone, let us suppose it to extend in length, from north to south, twenty-three miles, and that its average breadth is eight miles. This makes a surface amounting to rather more than one hundred and eighty square miles, or 557,568,000 square yards. The utmost thickness of all the beds of coal put together does not exceed forty-four feet; but there are eleven beds not workable, the thickness of each amounting only to a few inches. If they be deducted, the amount of the rest will be thirty-six feet or twelve yards. Perhaps, five of the other beds should be struck off, as they amount altogether only to six feet, and, therefore, at present are not considered as worth working. The remainder will be ten yards; so that the whole coal, in this formation, amounts to 5,575,680,000 cubic yards. How much of this is already removed by mining, I do not know; but the Newcastle collieries have been wrought for so many years to an enormous extent, that the quantity already mined must be considerable.—I conceive the quantity of coals exported, yearly, from this formation, exceeds two millions of chaldrons; for the county of Durham alone exports  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million. A chaldron weighs fourteen tons; so that twenty-eight millions of tons of coal are annually raised in these counties, out of this formation. Now, a ton of coal is very nearly one cubic yard; so that the yearly loss, from mining, amounts to twenty-eight millions, or (adding a third for waste,) to thirty-seven millions of yards. According to this statement, the Newcastle coals may be mined to the present extent for fifteen hundred years before they be exhausted. But, from this number, we must deduct the amount of the years during which they have been already wrought. We need not be afraid, then, of any sudden injury to Great Britain from the exhaustion of the coal mines. It is necessary to keep in mind, likewise, that I have taken the greatest thickness of the coal beds. Now, as this thickness is far from uniform, a considerable deduction, (I should conceive one-third of the whole,) must be made, in order to obtain the medium thickness; so that we may state, in round numbers, that this formation, at the present rate of waste, will supply coal for one thousand years; but its price will be continually on the increase, on account of the continually increasing expense of mining.

#### DISTRESSING NARRATIVE.

It is interesting to trace the steps of our fellow men, of whatever rank or character, through extraordinary adventures, perils, or sufferings. Capt. Page, of the United States, who was lately in the ship *Indus*, at Nooahevah, in the south sea, the scene of Capt. Porters's warfare with the Typees, relates the following distressing account:—that at that place five of Capt. Porter's men stole a boat, and deserted, probably intending to harbour among by places, till the departure of the American expedition should enable them to return and take up their abode for a time with the natives. But whatever might be their plan, it was soon overthrown by an act of Providence. They proceeded first

to a small island or cluster of bare rocks, called the Hergeest Rocks, their heads just peeping above water, and which produced no edible substance for man or beast; this, however, they concluded to make their resting place for the night, and accordingly anchored, and went ashore to sleep; but before morning a wind arose, which dashed their boat to pieces against the rocks, leaving them no means of return. Here then they were obliged to remain, and live almost upon nothing: one of them, after a short time, attempted to swim towards Nooahevah, but was soon devoured by the sharks: three others successively perished; but the fifth, (whose name was Thompson,) continued to subsist there, chiefly upon the flesh and blood of such birds as he could kill alighting upon the rocks, and upon the dripping water caught in the skull of one of his deceased comrades, which he used as a vessel for that purpose, for about eighteen months, when he was discovered by a passing vessel, by which he was taken off, and carried to Nooahevah, a picture of famine and despair. Here he remained till his health and strength were repaired, when, about two years since, he went on board the brig *Russell*, Capt. Almy, of New Bedford, for Canton, but which has not been heard of since her departure from Nooahevah, and is considered as lost, and all her crew unfortunately to have perished.

#### THE BOASTER REPROVED.

THAT every man has his faults, is a sentence repeated by every mouth; but while we bear with difficulty those of others, we give way to our own propensities, without reflecting on the fatiguing task we impose upon our friends. Ridicule is the only remedy that can cure this disorder of the mind, and it is to it alone we should have recourse on such occasions.

A descendant of one of the most celebrated families of Gascony, celebrated, I mean, for its flow of language and love of talking, and not for any deeds of glory, descanted before a numerous company upon the well-known bravery of his ancestors and relations: had he confined his boastings to ancient tales, he might have diffused more amusement than disgust among his hearers: but, desirous of showing that the race had not degenerated, he modestly launched into a faithful description of his battles, duels, and successes. He was once a passenger on board a French frigate during the last war, and falling in with an English squadron, composed of three seventy-fours, fought with them for five hours, when, luckily, the ship taking fire, he was blown up with ten of his countrymen, and dropped into one of the seventy-fours, the crew of which, thinking they were falling from heaven, laid down their arms and surrendered; while the two remaining men of war, struck with dismay at the sight of one of their ships in the possession of the enemy, crowded sails and ran away. Such were his *faithful* accounts, and he would have long continued to fatigue the ears of the company, had not one of his countrymen, who, more enlightened, frankly acknowledged the natural propensity which leads the greatest part of the inhabitants of Gascony to revel in imaginary scenes, resolved to awe him into silence, and thus began.

'All your exploits are mere common-place, in comparison to those I achieved, and I will relate you a single one that surpasses all your's.'

My babbler opened wide his ears, secretly intending to appropriate this story to himself, in future time, when

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none of the hearers should be present, and modestly owned, that all those he had mentioned were mere children's tricks, performed without any exertion, but that he had some in store, which might shine unobscured by the side of the most brilliant deeds of ancient ages.

'One evening,' said the other, 'as I was returning to town, from the country, I had to pass through a narrow lane, well known for being infested with highwaymen. My horse was in good order, my pistols loaded, and my broad sword hung at my side; I entered the lane without any apprehension. Scarcely had I reached the middle, when a loud shout behind me made me turn my head, and I saw a man with a short gun running fast towards me; I was going to face him with my horse, when two men with large cudgels in their hands, rushing from the hedges, seized the reins, and threatened me with instant death. Undaunted, I took my two pistols, but, before I had time to fire, one was knocked out of my hand, the other went off, and one of the robbers fell. I then drew my sword, and though bruised by the blow I had received, struck with all my might, and split the head of the other in two. Freed from any danger on their side, I attempted a second time to turn my horse.' Here he paused a while, and our babblers longing to know the end of this adventure, exclaimed, 'and the third?' 'Oh, the third!' answered the other, 'he shot me dead.'

#### HINDOO SONGS.

THE songs of the Hindoos, sung by individuals on boats and in the streets, as well as those sung at religious festivals, are intolerably offensive to a modest person, the following are specimens of their most innocent ones:—

*Song by a forsaken Mistress.*

In this unlawful love my heart is burnt to ashes;  
Sweet in the mouth, but hollow like a cucumber.  
Giving me the moon in my hand, only sorrow surrounds me.  
As the end approaches, sorrow increases; seeing and hearing I am become deranged.

*Chorus.* In this unlawful love, &c.

*Another by a lover to his mistress.*

Why full of wrath do you not examine?  
Why, my beloved, do you dishonour me?  
If you are out of my sight for a minute,  
I die of grief; I consider this minute one hundred yoogus\*.  
As the bird Chatuku sips no water but that of the clouds,  
And without this water dies—so am I towards thee.

*Chorus.* Why full of wrath, &c.

#### BURNS.

[THE following verses, in the handwriting of Burns, the poet, are copied from a bank-note in the possession of Mr. James F. Gracie, of Dumfries; the note is of the bank of Scotland, and is dated so far back as the 1st of March, 1780.]

Wae worth th' power thou cursed leaf!  
Fell source of a' my woe and grief!  
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!  
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass;  
I see the children of affliction  
Unaided through thy curs'd restriction;  
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,  
Amid his hapless victim's spoil.  
For lack o' thee, I leave this much lov'd shore,  
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

\* The sutyu yoogus, was one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years.

### Original Poetry.

#### THE SPECTRE.

THE sun had long set—'twas a dark rainy night,  
The castle gates still open wide;  
When, on a white courser, in armour all bright,  
Came galloping swiftly, a warrior knight,  
With buckler and spear by his side.  
He leap'd from his horse, and he enter'd the hall,  
Where carousing sat many a guest:  
As he stalk'd up and down, at his heavy foot-fall,  
The ladies turn'd pale, and the knights one and all,  
With terrible fear were oppress'd.  
He seated himself by the side of a maid,  
Whose beauty fast faded away;  
Her cheek in health's hue was no longer array'd—  
She shrunk from his gaze, and that moment was laid  
On the earth, a cold body of clay!  
The knights were appall'd, and the ladies shriek'd loud—  
Unceasing their horrible groans!—  
When over the spectre there hover'd a cloud,  
That did for a moment his tall figure shroud,  
Then left him—a bundle of bones!  
The spectre now sprang from the place where he stood—  
That moment was silent all breath:—  
He pois'd a long shaft, that was cover'd with blood,  
Then drew from each bosom a red reeking flood,  
And exclaim'd as he did it—I'm DEATH!  
E'en thus will the marrowless monarch appear,  
When gaiety 'livens each one:—  
To health, well as sickness, he ever is near;  
And the heart warm to-day, may be cold on the bier,  
Ere to-morrow is cheer'd by the sun!

WILFORD.

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

THE moon arose at lone midnight,  
While health and toil were blest with sleep,  
And threw a wavy path of light  
O'er the broad bosom of the deep,  
To where poor Anna pac'd the shore  
Th' impressive ideas to renew,  
When the tall ship her Edward bore  
From vision, less'ning, fail'd from view.  
Fair moon, she cried, is woe complete,  
Or sails my true love, peril free;  
Ah! canst thou shew my Edward yet  
With truth and love reflects on me?  
She scarce had ceas'd, ere rocky clouds  
And rising winds spread thro' the sky;  
The wrathful tempest came with shouts,  
And dash'd the mountain billows by.  
Incessant lightning cleft the gloom,  
And spread the vaulted ocean o'er;  
A lab'ring vessel met its doom,  
And sunk with all to rise no more.  
A direful shriek the seamen gave,  
As o'er the boiling surges broke;  
And from the yawning wat'ry grave,  
She thought it was her Edward spoke.  
What can display her state of soul,  
Oppress'd with sore prophetic dread;  
When, swift as gleamy meteors roll,  
The unsubstantial vision fled;  
Again serene the moon appear'd,  
Again all smooth and still the main;  
No thunder growl'd, no lightning scar'd,  
No winds were heard, nor pelting rain.



With cheerless heart she left the strand,  
 Forlorn she gain'd her lonely cot;  
 Felt fate would have her understand,  
 From awful symbols, Edward's lot;  
 At morn, at eve, hope ne'er again  
 Illumin'd her once joyous eye;  
 She sketch'd, with truth, the phantom scene,  
 And o'er it wept perpetually.

At length a way-lorn seaman came,  
 Who seem'd all loath from whence to say,  
 And gave a note for Anna's name,  
 Whose sable signet caus'd dismay.  
 Her friends receiv'd it, and with haste,  
 Which yet they dreaded to undo,  
 They shew'd the tar what Ann had trac'd,  
 Whose hollow voice declar'd it true.

From them, ere long, the tar withdrew,  
 And, as he came, so seem'd to go;  
 But Anna's unobstructed view  
 Compriz'd a horrid scene of woe;  
 A rushing horror seiz'd her blood,  
 A gleamy light around ensu'd;  
 The seaman's garb display'd a shroud,  
 And she the corpse of Edward view'd.

Oh, faithful fair! thy love and truth  
 Have call'd me from that realm of rest,  
 Where change ne'er comes, nor age, nor youth,  
 Nor rageful passions rive the breast.  
 I do not come to recocile  
 Thine agonized soul with dust;  
 Bethink thee, Anna, how the guile  
 Of vanity, my hopes accurst.

It was to deck my fair with gems,  
 In India's silks her charms to show;  
 To realize my golden dreams,  
 I hazarded this train of woe.  
 I thought the bird of paradise  
 Should not transcend my fair withal;  
 Ah! why on joys place happiness?  
 Why build up Babel tow'rs to fall?

Why did I crave parade and wealth,  
 Against thy modest wish to join;  
 With competence I'd strength and health,  
 And fair and faithful thou wast mine.  
 Then quit this vain uncertain shore,  
 Where tears e'er flow and sorrow lives;  
 Where lamentations heard e'er more,  
 And the sure ranker worm aggrieves.

Then from thy soul exclude despair,  
 Thy days are number'd—nearly past;  
 He said and fled, as on her chair  
 She sank, reclined, and breath'd her last;  
 But ere she died, her fixing eye  
 Afar the spectre seem'd to see;  
 She cried, ere came the parting sigh,  
 Oh! Edward, Edward, stay for me.

Hoxton Old Town.

P. EDWARDS.

### The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Tuesday last, Mr. Yates's benefit took place at this theatre; the performances were, the *Merchant of Venice* and the farce of the *Apprentice*, the parts of Shylock and Dick, for the first time, by Mr. Yates; with a new interlude, entitled, *Half an Hour in England without Cozening*. Mr. Yates's performance of Shylock was such as must add much to his well-earned reputation; he went through the part with great spirit,

and, in many scenes, in a manner which elicited shouts of applause. The character of Dick afforded abundant scope for the displaying of this gentleman's power of mimicry, and he turned it to the best advantage; his imitations of Kean, Kemble, Young, Betty, Simmons, Blanchard, and, above all, of Mathews, were excellent; in his tragic imitations, he was most successful as Kean. *Half an Hour in England without Cozening*, though enlivened with considerable humour, is much inferior to *Cozening*; it was, however, evidently written only for the occasion, and for the purpose of giving him further opportunity of mimicking Mathews, whose striking peculiarities were given with a fidelity which almost convulsed the audience with laughter. The Persian Ambassador and suite were among the distinguished personages who honoured the theatre with their presence, which was crowded in every part.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A new piece, in two acts, was produced on Monday night, entitled, *My own Rival; or, Sophy Lucy and Lucy Sophy*; which is of too slight a texture to be severely scrutinized. The object appears to have been to exhibit, what is already sufficiently known, the versatility of Miss Kelly's talents, and to show with what rapidity she can discharge one character from her mind, and assume another. The plot of the piece possesses little originality, and is but an indifferent copy, in this respect, of the burletta at the Surry Theatre, of 'The Queen of Golconda; or, Two Places at once.' Miss Kelly appears first as Lucy, an accomplished, intelligent, and wealthy young lady, who has succeeded in wounding the heart of Edward, (Wrench,) a gay handsome young officer, who, it appears, had previously seen and admired the same lady under the name of Sophy, in Northamptonshire, where she had been rustivating. She thus embarrasses her lover as Lucy and Sophy repeatedly, and the situation of Edward is frequently productive of dramatic effect. The music is selected with much taste and judgment; but we were sorry that a character so inadequate to his talents, was assigned to Wilkinson. The house was well attended.

If this theatre has not yet produced any very striking novelty, it has revived several pieces which have long ago received the stamp of public approbation; among these, we would more particularly notice the *Jovial Crew; or, Merry Beggars*, an opera that combines many of the attributes of a good comedy with some of the best English music, which is not only rich but characteristic. The opera does not possess much plot, and that somewhat improbable, (but what opera is not so?) but there is a terseness and perspicuity in the dialogue, and a natural flow of humour, which keeps the interest continually alive. The piece is very well performed. Wrench is certainly a most important beggar, and it would be very difficult to resist bestowing charity on any who should make such lamentable appeals to your humanity, as Miss Kelly and Miss Stevenson, or sing such bewitching airs as Pearman. The characters were well dressed, and the crutch dance was loudly applauded.

VAUXHALL.—This delightful place of public amusement has commenced very auspiciously;—fine weather, pleasing entertainments, and a numerous and elegant assemblage of visitors. Since the close of the preceding season, several alterations and embellishments have taken place, and the *tout ensemble* is, if possible, more brilliant than hereto-



fore. The Concert was well sustained, and many of the songs were encored. The chief novelty of the night, however, was the fireworks. The whole of this department was under the direction of Signor Hengler, and the different devices were superbly magnificent. Madame Saqui has reversed the order of her adventurous exploit, and instead of ascending as formerly, she now, on a given signal, appears at once in the centre of a blazing star, at an elevation of at least sixty feet above the heads of the astonished crowd; and from this star she descends, amidst showers of fire, and the crash of martial music, to the earth. She suddenly turns round, runs back again along the leaning line with astonishing rapidity, and once more leaping into the star of fire, from which she had descended, she is instantly enveloped in its brilliant corruscations, and hidden from the view of the spectators. The music is generally well selected, and principally from the works of those divine composers, Haydn and Mozart. The military Sinfonia, and the no less celebrated overture to the Zaubrflöte, have a most striking effect.

### Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

**Iron Hanging-Bridge.**—A bridge is now erecting over the Menai Strait, between Carnarvonshire and Anglesea, constructed of iron cables; the opening is five hundred and sixty feet from the points of suspension, and the height of the bridge, above the high water mark, is one hundred feet. From the abutments, which consist of masonry work, 12,000 tons in weight, and 60 feet by 42½ dimensions, and which have their foundation on a solid rock, sixteen cables will be suspended, formed of a number of straight half-inch bars, connected at different lengths; the weight of each cable is near ten tons; the weight of the whole bridge, between the points of suspension, will be 489 tons; the road-way will consist of two carriage ways, each twelve feet in breadth, with a foot path of four feet between them. This bridge is erecting on the plan, and under the direction of Mr. Telford, and will cost 70,000l.

**Rockets.**—A Danish captain has invented a new rocket, which ascends to a prodigious height, and may be seen at sea, at a distance of one hundred miles.

**Red Snow.**—It appears from the 'Giornale di Fiscia, &c.' that a shower of red snow fell in Carniola, Carnia, Cadore, Belluno, and Feltri, on the nights of the 5th and 6th of March, 1808. The earth was previously covered with snow of a pure white, and the coloured snow was succeeded by other snow of a pure white, nor were the two kinds mingled together, but remained perfectly distinct, even during liquetfaction. When a portion of this snow was melted, and the water evaporated, a little finely divided earth of a rosy colour remained, not attractable by the magnet, and consisting of silex, alumine, and oxide of iron. On the evenings of the 14th and 15th of March, 1813, coloured rain and snow fell over a large extent of country. Red rain fell in the two Calabrias; red snow fell at Tolmezzo, and snow of a brownish yellow colour fell at Bologna. On the 10th of April, 1816, coloured snow again fell in Italy, on Toval and other mountains; it was of a brick colour, and left an earthy powder, very light and impalpable, unctuous to the touch, of an argillaceous odour, and tasting a little acid and astringent. The extent of country covered by these showers, as in 1803 and 1812, extending to eight degrees in length and breadth, proves that the cause is not local, but very general. These phenomena happen precisely at the time of the spring equinoxes, when impetuous winds are flying about, which originate in very distant countries. These winds, it is supposed, may possibly elevate the sand of distant regions, in the air, and may convey the more minute particles to immense distances; and these, adhering to the water of the

clouds, at last descend with it, either as hail, snow, or rain, and produce the phenomena under consideration.

### Arts and Manufactures.

An extensive service of china has been made at Chamberlain's manufactory, at Worcester, for the Grand Duke Michael, of Russia; which contains views of the different noblemen and gentlemen's seats, and public places in the United Kingdom, which he visited during his tour.

A boy, named John Young, residing in Newton-upon-Ayr, in Scotland, has constructed a singular piece of mechanism. A box, about three feet long, by two broad, and six or eight inches deep, has a frame and paper covering erected on it, in the form of a house. On the upper part of the box, are a number of wooden figures, about two or three inches high, representing people employed in those trades or sciences, with which the boy is familiar. The whole are put in motion at the same time, by machinery, within the box, acted upon by a handle, like that of a hand organ. A weaver upon his loom, with a fly-shuttle, uses his hands and feet, and keeps his eye upon the shuttle, as it passes across the web. A soldier, sitting with a sailor at a public-house table, fills a glass, drinks it off, then knocks on the table, upon which, an old woman opens a door, makes her appearance, and they retire. Two shoemakers, upon their stools, are seen, the one beating leather and the other sewing a shoe. A cloth-dresser, a stone-cutter, a cooper, a tailor, a woman churning, and one teasing wool, are all at work. There is also a joiner sawing a piece of wood, and two blacksmiths beating a piece of iron, the one using a sledge and the other a small hammer, a boy turning a grindstone, while a man grinds an instrument upon it, and a barber shaving a man, whom he holds fast by the nose with one hand. The boy is only about seventeen years of age, and since the bent of his mind could be first marked, his only amusement was working with a knife, and making little mechanical figures; this is the more extraordinary, as he had no opportunity whatever of seeing any person employed in a similar way. He was bred a weaver with his father, and since he could be employed at the trade, has had no time for his favourite study, except after the work ceased, or during the intervals; and the only tool he ever had to assist him was a pocket knife. In his earlier years, he produced several curiosities on a smaller scale, but the above is his greatest work, to which he has devoted all his spare time, during the last two years.

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in salibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascitur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

**Waterloo Prize Money.**—Commander-in-Chief, £60,000; general officer, £1250; field officer, £420; captain, £90; subaltern, £33; sergeant, £19; rank and file, £2 10s. The Duke of Wellington's share is equal to those of 50 general officers, 143 field officers, 666 captains, 2159 sergeants, and 24,000 rank and file.

**Brick Making.**—A brick-maker of Newcastle, for a trifling wager, undertook to make seven thousand bricks in fifteen hours, which he completed in eleven hours, being by far the greatest number ever known to be made in that time.

**Puzzle for Lawyers.**—In one of the counties of Hungary, a case has been produced by nature, which furnishes the Hungarian lawyers with an opportunity to exercise their ingenuity. On a steep declivity of the river Heruch lay two vineyards, one above the other; the higher one, detaching itself from the rock, glided down the declivity, upon the lower vineyard, which it now entirely covers. The question is, who is the owner of the vineyard, and who is considered the loser.



*Singular Verdict.*—A coroner's jury, which sat on the body of a young lady, in Baltimore, who had hung herself in a fit of love, brought in their verdict—*died by the visitation of Cupid.*

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